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YOUTH OF MODERN INFLUENCES.

The influences which are now chiefly concerned in producing changes in society—which, in fact, are creating its characteristic form and features—are all of a very youthful kind, and may be said to have been born in the present century. Strictly speaking, not one of them can be called *new*, for their elements, like the elements of everything else, have been in existence since the world began. It is of the discovery of their application by man that we now speak: their combination into forms that are useful to him; their regulation and direction so as to execute the purposes of his will; and of their active and conspicuous power in improving and advancing civilisation. By the very nature of things, it is impossible that society can, for an instant, stand still. Its progress is as irresistible as the progress of time itself. The means by which it is made to advance are constantly supplied, and when one series of influences has done its work, another has already come into activity. In the present century, many influences that ruled society in other days have lost their power, and agents of a younger and better kind have acquired a sway. Under these, things are daily changing; and society, from centre to circumference, is becoming renewed. The warlike and the destructive have given place to the peaceful and the preserving; the hissing of steam has been the unequivocal signal for many old evils to quit the sphere where they had acted too long.

Thirty years of peace have had a most extraordinary effect in developing the resources of this country. Those who lived before the memorable year 1815, can call up before their mind's eye a striking picture of two phases of civilisation—military glory, with its usual attendants, death, misery, and enormous national expense, on the one side; and 'quiet, gentle peace,' with advancement in knowledge, discoveries in science, revelations of domestic evils, and earnest efforts to abolish them, on the other. Great Britain, indeed all Europe, on the 18th of June 1815,

*'Laid down an old and weary work,
And took up a newer and a better.'*

The intelligence of the battle of Waterloo had reached this country only for a few days, when an event occurred, so apparently trifling, as almost, amid the universal rejoicing, to escape notice. This was the appearance, for the first time (28th June 1815), of a steam-ship on the river Mersey. The vessel was built at Glasgow, and was intended to ply between Liverpool and Runcorn, a small port about eighteen miles up the river in the direction of Manchester. War had just marched out with military honours on Waterloo when this solitary steamer, the pioneer of peace, arrived with little pomp or honour in the Mersey. Exactly thirty years after

this, the waters of the same river presented a sight which no man who saw the little Glasgow steamer paddle into it in 1815 would, in his wildest and most sanguine hopes, have predicted. On the 25th of July 1845, the Great Britain, the largest steamer now afloat, departed from Liverpool on her first voyage across the Atlantic. Thirty years before, a river voyage of thirty miles in a steamer had been considered a wondrous feat; now a sea voyage of three thousand is looked upon as a thing of course. One small steamer was then a surprising instance of human skill; now crowds of such vessels, large and small, on the Mersey, have become matters of every-day observation, and their absence would be a greater wonder than their presence.

Though it was not till 1815 that steamers were first introduced on the Mersey, yet they had, a few years before, been employed in America and on the Clyde. Not one, however, was brought into public use before the beginning of this century. In the year 1788, while the notables of France were assembled at Versailles, and that nation was on the threshold of its world-famed revolution, a revolution of a different kind, and destined to be more lasting and beneficial, was in preparation on a small piece of water called Dalswinton Loch, in the pleasure-ground of a gentleman in the south of Scotland. Three gentlemen,* one of them named Symington, were there and then trying to propel a pleasure-boat by means of a steam-engine. They succeeded; but the birthday of their invention had not yet come. The eyes of the world were directed to France, and few men even knew that such a place as Dalswinton Loch existed. A few years afterwards, a stranger from America, Fulton by name, 'a tall and slender, but well-formed man,' happened to be in Paris while Napoleon was meditating his invasion of England; and it is said that the American offered to build vessels which would carry the invading Frenchmen over to Sussex from Boulogne. He was allowed to make some experiments, which did not succeed. The Boulogne army never crossed the English Channel, but marched into the heart of Europe, to fight and gain the battles of Austerlitz and Jena. Fulton, however, crossed the Channel, and obtained from Symington, on the Forth and Clyde Canal, an explanation of his mode of propelling vessels. He then returned to his home in the new world; and while Napoleon was issuing his notorious Berlin decree, the first steamboat of Fulton was navigating the Hudson. In 1811, when

* Mr Miller of Dalswinton, who had experimented in a boat with hand-driven paddles; James Taylor, the proprietor of Mr Miller's sons, who had suggested the application of the steam-engine to this kind of navigation; — Symington, a mechanist, who was called in to make and apply the engine, and who, about the same time, was experimenting upon a steam-carriage for common roads. Symington seems to have had the principal merit in keeping the project alive, till it was taken up by Bell and Fulton.

the 'Grand Army' of France was preparing to invade Russia, the first British steamboat was launched near Glasgow by Henry Bell; and while the old power of the sword was expiring in convulsions amid the Russian snows, the new power of steam was trying its youthful strength on the waters of the Clyde. The agents of civilisation 'have their exits and their entrances, and each one in its turn plays many parts.'

Since that time the progress of steam-navigation has been swift and sure. It has had the freest and fullest scope; for it has been fostered and promoted by a rapidly-growing intercourse between all the nations of the earth, and has been neither checked nor stayed by the evil spirit of war. In 1815, three steamers belonged to England, and in twenty years that number was increased to three hundred and forty-four. The Red Sea was navigated by steamers, bearing the Indian mails, in 1834; in 1838, the Atlantic was crossed for the first time by steam; in 1840 the line of mail steamers between England and America commenced to run; and in 1842, the steamer *Forth*, bearing the mails, departed for the first time from Southampton for the West Indies.

Railway travelling, which is one of the most important influences of the present day, is even younger than steam-navigation. During the last century several tramways were constructed, but they were all short lines, generally in the neighbourhood of coal-works, wrought by horses, and used only for the conveyance of minerals. The idea of using the power of steam to propel carriages was suggested by many scientific men. Symington constructed a model of a steam-carriage, which he exhibited in Edinburgh about the time that he was engaged in the experiment that led to the construction of steam-ships. But nothing of a practical or public kind was done until the year 1804, when Mr Trevithick constructed a locomotive, which was made to run on a railway at Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales. In the same year Napoleon was invested with the imperial crown. It was not, however, till a quarter of a century had passed away that locomotives were extensively used on railways. The line between Liverpool and Manchester, the first of importance, was opened on the 15th of September 1830. The affairs of the world presented an appearance on that day very different from that which they wore when Trevithick tried his locomotive in the principality of Wales. The Emperor of France had lost his crown and his empire, and had been lying for nine years in a quiet grave in a solitary island of the sea; the elder family of the Bourbons, who had succeeded him, had been deposed in the 'three days' of 1830; and Louis Philippe, once a schoolmaster, had been crowned king of the French. The reign of railways and that of the present French king commenced together, and both have been highly instrumental in preserving the peace of Europe.

The railway system may be said to be only now emerging from a state of infancy, and acquiring some definite form and character. The line between London and Birmingham, and by it to Liverpool, Manchester, and Preston, was fully opened in 1838; London and York were joined in 1839, and the communication was extended to Newcastle in 1843; London and Bristol were connected in 1841; Manchester was connected with Leeds in 1839; Dublin with Kingstown in 1834, and with Drogheda in 1843; Glasgow with Ayr in 1839, with Greenock in 1841, and with Edinburgh in 1842; Dundee with Arbroath in 1840; and Edinburgh with Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1846. The influence of railways, therefore, only commenced in the second quarter of this century; and though we have seen their influence productive already of many changes, yet it may be fairly expected that greater changes are yet to come—changes which shall carry society nearer and nearer to peace and order, and cause wars and tumults to exist only in the pages of past history.

The electric telegraph, which has already effected what ten years ago would have been ridiculed as im-

possible, was patented only in 1837, and was not introduced on railways until a few years after that time.

The influence which newspapers and other periodical literature are exerting on modern society is immense. Yet this, too, is newly born—is the creation almost of yesterday; an influence whose sphere has been enlarged, and whose power has been rendered quite gigantic under the kindly and protecting arm of peace. It is scarcely four centuries since the art of printing was introduced into the world, and only one century since the proceedings of parliament began to be reported in the newspapers. In 1790, Great Britain and Ireland possessed 146 newspapers; in 1821, the number had increased to 278; and in 1843, it was 453. The average increase from 1790 to 1821 was thus about nine papers in two years, while from 1821 to 1843 the increase was eight papers in one year, or nearly double the increase of the previous period. But not only had newspapers greatly increased in number, their individual circulation had likewise increased; for while in 1821 the number of stamps issued was 24,000,000, in the year ending 5th January 1843 the number was 60,000,000. Much of this increase must of course be ascribed to the reduction of the taxes on newspapers; the duty on each advertisement having been reduced, in June 1833, from three-and-sixpence to one-and-sixpence, and on each newspaper, in August 1836, from fourpence to one penny. All the newspapers and periodicals that are the most influential in the present day are young; indeed nearly all have been commenced within the memory of man. 'The leading journal of Europe' is now in its sixty-second year, and none of the other London daily papers is much older. The Edinburgh Review was commenced in the second year of the present century; and its great rival, the Quarterly, is seven years younger. The oldest periodical in Edinburgh, with the exception of the Review, was commenced in 1817. But it was not till 1826 that literature began to be really cheap and popular. The publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge were commenced about that time; and cheap volumes, issued at regular periods, on interesting subjects, became very common. Six years afterwards, the present Journal was started; other weekly periodicals of instruction and entertainment were commenced, and they have since multiplied in an extraordinary degree. Every year witnesses some effort of a more and more enterprising kind to diffuse knowledge at the cheapest conceivable rate among the great mass of the people. Indeed it may with truth be said that the present century found knowledge 'a sealed book, and changed it to an open letter; found it the heritage of the rich, and made it the patrimony of the poor; found it confined to the few, and diffused it with no sparing hand among the many.'

Nor is there any reason to suppose that, as time rolls on, the influence of this kind of literature will in aught diminish. The great results of our age are swiftness in communicating intelligence, and conveying merchandise and men; and periodicals are essentially the medium through which this intelligence is to be conveyed. Though the press were not linked with a stronger and a better power than even that of steam, yet the alliance with it would cause its influence to be increased both in intensity and extent. The oftener there is communication between two places, the oftener must the news of each place be published, and the greater the number of periodicals become. When the power of electricity is better known, and more extensively applied, may it not be expected that London papers, instead of being published daily, may ultimately be published almost hourly? A weekly newspaper, so far as its news are concerned, is now of little interest. It contains so much of what is called old, even though its intelligence may refer to events that occurred during the previous week, that a perusal of it does not occupy much time. Men now are laudably anxious to have their news, like their business-books, always 'up to date,' and to keep abreast with the intelligence of the day. To do this,

they must have newspapers. There are morning and evening newspapers in London already; why not have them at other periods of the day? Even at present, the second, third, and sometimes fourth editions of the daily papers show how impatient the public are for the smallest additional scrap of news. This eager thirst for early intelligence was unknown, or at least ungratified, in the beginning of the present century. The last thirty years have infused new life and vigour into all the relations of life, and we are now living under the rule of that young giant, who slept as long as war was thundering over the earth, but who woke up to activity as soon as that evil genius had departed.

When any country is engaged in foreign warfare, its internal condition is apt to be neglected. Many arrangements are thus allowed to be made, and systems to grow up, which prove highly injurious to the interests of society. So has it been with this country. While we were engaged in the late, and, it is to be hoped, the last, continental war, the ideas of public health, of narrow streets, of sewerage and ventilation, never seemed to cross the public mind. They were topics which were forgotten in others of a more exciting nature. But when peace came, and the eyes of men were turned in on their own domestic condition, many sad pictures were revealed, and many sources of misery and vice laid bare. The knowledge of an evil is said to be half its cure; but it was only a few years ago that we obtained an imperfect knowledge of the actual social condition of our own country; and even now our information is far from being complete. The science of statistics was in Great Britain most unaccountably neglected until the beginning of the present century. No exact statement of the number of inhabitants existed until the first census was taken in 1801; and it was not until 1838 that public attention was directed, by the reports of the Poor-Law Commissioners, to the sanitary condition of the people. The reports of the Registrar-General of England and Wales, on which many calculations respecting public health have been founded, were first commenced in 1839; and the Health of Towns Commissioners were appointed so recently as May 1843, and their first report was published in 1844. There are few subjects which are exerting so great and growing an influence on the public mind as this of the health of towns, and yet it is one quite new, and respecting which investigation has just begun. It is, literally speaking, a question of life and death, of sickness and health; and all, or nearly all, the statistical information that we possess regarding it is the result of the labours of the last ten years.

If we look at various other influences of the present age, we shall find them all of the same youthful character. Gas-light was used by Murdoch at Redruth, in Cornwall, in 1792; but the minds of men were then getting into a ferment on other subjects. The war commenced next year, and see how languidly, during its course, proceeded the introduction of this means of lighting! It cannot be said to have attracted public notice till 1802, when the newspapers told how the manufactory of Bolton and Watt, at Birmingham, had been lighted by it on the occasion of the rejoicing for the peace. War recommended, and gas was not tried in a public street till 1806, when Pall-Mall was lighted with it. In 1810 the first London gas-light company obtained an act of incorporation, which, strangely enough, bound them to light the streets at a cheaper rate than on the old plan of oil, but prohibited them from supplying houses. The subject of education, which is of the most vital importance in every state, was brought forcibly under the notice of the public about twenty years ago. Mechanics' institutions date their origin from the year 1824; it was in January 1829 that the famous expression, 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' was first used by Lord Brougham; and in 1834 the first government grant in favour of education was made. The sun has been our portrait-painter only about six years; and the penny-postage system, whose influence on society has

been so great, has not yet completed the first seven years of its existence.

These examples will be sufficient to indicate the youthful nature of the influences that are giving a form and character to modern civilisation. Their effects have hitherto been great and beneficial, and as their youth has exhibited such strength, what may we not expect from them when the period of their full development shall have come?

A STORY OF A GARMENT.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I HAD just finished a continental ramble, and found myself at Rotterdam, with the intention of taking steam for London the next morning. There were only two other travellers at the *table d'hôte*, and with these gentlemen it was necessary to spend a long evening, as it rained in torrents out of doors. One was an Englishman, and one a Hollander, and both as unpromising subjects as could well be imagined. The former was a man of middle age, very tall, very stiff, very solemn, and very silent; while the latter, who might have been ten years younger, was the conventional Dutchman of the stage and the story-books, with a most respectable corporeity, and a face empty of everything but a kind of grave and lazy good-humour. These two, it appeared, had been fellow-travellers, and had been jumbled, accordingly, into social sympathy; although the fact was indicated more by looks than words, the only conversation that passed between them being an occasional remark in his own language from the Englishman, to which the other responded 'Ya, ya—humph!'

Slightly at a loss to commence a conversation, I drew a pair of old gloves from my pocket, and ventured the observation that they had, a day or two before, been a source of trouble to me; that, in fact, I had been unable to get quit of them. On leaving my hotel in the morning, in order to proceed on my journey, I had thrown them behind a chest of drawers, in the hope that, before they were discovered, the arrival of some other guest would relieve me from the stigma of being set down as the owner of such property. But here I reckoned without my host, or rather without my chambermaid; for the girl, in her excessive honesty, pounced upon them the moment my back was turned, and sent them after me by express! I had got off more than two miles, and when we were at length stopped by the broken-winded shouts of the pursuer, the last thing on earth I should have expected to see was the miserable gloves. I was at first disposed, by way of a joke, to present them to the fellow for his trouble; but the laugh of my companions was hopelessly strong against me, and, pocketing the precious articles as relics, I rewarded their preserver with a frane.

'What think you of them, gentlemen?' said I with a social laugh, as I threw down the gloves upon the table when I had finished my story. The middle-aged gentleman looked at them askance for some time, with a grave, and, as I thought, even stern air; he at length extended his hand slowly towards them, took them up, turned them over and over, examined them attentively, and then laying them down again deliberately, looked at me, and shook his head. The honest face of the Dutchman seemed at first to be more capable of reflecting the merriment of mine; indeed his heavy muscles appeared to be actually toiling into a smile; but before the process could be finished, he caught the expression of his friend, when his own subsided into stagnation as before, and he sat for some time eying me like a bullock. I began to think I had got into strange company.

'You think you have met with a misfortune,' said the middle-aged gentleman at length, in a voice of solemn bitterness. 'You flatter yourself you are to be pitied. But, after all, of what a trifling matter have you to complain. Listen to my story. Sir, we are now in the very town where, twelve months ago, a case pre-

cisely similar to the one you have described was followed by results which would make the hair of the world stand on end!' After this startling announcement he wiped his clammy brow, and seemed to gulp down some terrible reminiscences.

'Were they gloves?' said I after a time, trying to lead him on.

'No, sir, they were not gloves. Have gloves alone the faculty of wearing themselves out? It was a garment, sir—and a very important garment too!—and turning to his friend, he repeated the words resolutely—'It was garment, I say!'

'Ya, ya—hump!' replied the Dutchman.

'It was at Venice my misgivings commenced,' he continued, 'as I was stepping into a gondola; and there I had abundant opportunity of obtaining what was necessary. But it was not to be. Like all travellers who know the world, I was provided with needle and thread; and the down cushions and tranquil waters of the defunct city deluded me into a fatal security. At Padua, my first halt, there was no light to purchase in the cloistered streets, for my eyes are not good; and at Verona, I was occupied in the contemplation of the tomb of Juliet.'

'The tomb of Fudge!' interrupted I, willing to show that I too had travelled.

'Be it so,' said he with dignity; 'if Fudge were associated with woman's loveliness and truth, the tomb of Fudge would answer the pilgrim's purpose as well as that of Juliet. It is an idea we worship at Verona, and I want no human dust, no relic, to fix my devotion.'

'But touching the article?'

'Sir, it was impossible. I could not have done such a thing there. I did not foresee,' continued he hesitatingly, 'when I commenced this narrative, that it would be necessary to disclose the object of my rapid journey. But, in few words, gentlemen, there was a lady whom I expected to meet in this town of Rotterdam on her return from a tour, during the continuance of which, circumstances rendered it improper for me to join her. Now this lady—here the middle-aged gentleman blushed like a girl, as with one long inspiration he drank off a full glass of wine—now this Juliet—gentlemen, I ask you to tell me, I put it to you as men to say, whether it would have been decorous? You, sir, turning beseechingly to his friend, whom his emotion seemed to puzzle; 'am I right?'

'Ya, ya—hump!' replied the Dutchman.

'At Milan I made no stay; and when I left the plains of Italy, and began to ascend the Alps, my uneasiness became extreme. The carriages on a good part of the Simplon route have only one bench, the travellers sitting side by side, and looking out at the opposite window. It is a horrible contrivance, for the jolting occasioned by the want of an equipoise is most dangerous to one's garments. I now abandoned all hope of relief before reaching Paris; and I leave you to guess in what condition, after traversing the Alps, the valley of the Rhone, the Pays de Vaud, and the greater part of France, I arrived at the great capital. In fact I had abandoned the needle and thread in despair, for the stuff and substance of the garment were in such a state of dilapidation as to afford no hold.'

'In Paris, at least, your miseries would end?' said I, wondering where this yarn was to terminate. 'Hey, mynhee?' I added, turning companionably to that great shining face, the eyes of which were fixed upon the story-teller with intense dulness.

'Ya, ya—hump!' replied the Dutchman.

'In Paris,' went on the middle-aged gentleman, 'my miseries did not end; but how or why they did not, must ever remain one of the mysteries of our nature. I devoted the single forenoon I was able to spend there to that sole purpose. I traversed the streets not only with stern resolution, but with a burning indignation against myself for having suffered myself so long to be worn by a garment. I looked into shop after shop, but, deluded by the apparently interminable number, always passed

on in quest of one more suitable. The obstacle, generally, was the presence of women behind the counter; the men, I presume, being as usual engaged in playing billiards, or drinking sugar and water in the café. At length, when my time was just up, I rushed into a warehouse in the Galerie Vivienne, where the master appeared to be alone, and with some difficulty—for I am not proficient in foreign languages—explained my case to him. He would insist upon measuring me before giving himself the trouble of looking for the article I wanted; and, terrible as the idea was in my then condition, I was absolutely on the point of yielding, when, on turning my head accidentally, there was madame, his lady, behind me, knitting away with astonishing composure, and, as usual, sitting on the counter beside her, a great Siberian cat, which had every appearance of being likewise a female! Gentlemen, I quitted the shop instantaneously, and without an effort on their part to detain me. Among the more civilised English this could not have happened. In London, I should have been compelled, to my own good, but that Frenchman had the incivility to suffer me to depart.

'Mortified, stricken, and depressed, I found myself rattling over the inconsiderate stones for Brussels. I never left my seat when I could avoid it, and for good reason. How much do I owe to the companionable qualities of my excellent friend here! Ha, mynhee!'

The good Dutchman acknowledged the compliment with absolute animation.

'You think I had any eye to Brussels? Gentlemen, you do me injustice; my resolution was taken. I worried myself no more about new garments during the journey. My thoughts brooded over my own till our arrival at Rotterdam; and here, in this very house, I at length effected my deliverance.'

'Heaven be praised for it!' exclaimed I; 'I thought you were going to tell us that you wore the—habiliment—to this minute, and that, like Mr Von Wodenblok with his mechanical leg, you expected to do so when you became a skeleton.'

'Oh that such were the case! Oh that I could, as easily as you have laid upon the table your old gloves, exhibit to the company my dilapidated garment! But I will not anticipate. I passed the whole day in walking rapidly through the streets; going up three or four steps at once; striding over the chains that connect the posts; convincing myself and the whole population, by a thousand experiments, that I was no longer afraid. But something remained to be done. The distressing sense of fragility was past which had made me feel as if I was walking on ice and sitting on thorns; but the incubus, dislodged from its seat, still remained, in body and substance, in my carpet-bag. I cannot tell you with what insane hatred I looked on it as I took it out; with what fiend-like triumph I exaggerated its rents, and poked my fingers through its decayed fabric! To leave the miserable remnant in a house where I was known was impossible; but all things seemed easy in my new elasticity of mind and body; and, making it up in a brown paper parcel, I went forth for the purpose of dropping it somewhere. The chambermaid eyed it strangely as I passed her on the stair; and when I got into the hall, the boots would insist upon carrying it for me. Even in the street it seemed an object of curiosity to the passers-by, who perhaps recognised me as the tall gentleman who had exhibited so many feats of agility in the forenoon. I walked through the whole town before finding an opportunity of putting my design in execution; but at length, allowing it suddenly to slip from my arm, I turned a corner sharply, and fancied I was safe.'

'In London,' continued the middle-aged gentleman, 'this would really have been the case; the parcel would have disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and would never more have been heard of, unless a reward had been offered in the newspapers. But this wouldn't do in Holland. A score of voices called out to me, no doubt, that I had lost something; and a running pro-

cession of six or eight of the inhabitants restored to me the precious property. In deep shame, I took my road again to the inn, though not without forming a resolution by the way; in pursuance of which I clutched up a large stone in passing, and forced it into my pocket. My purpose was to ballast the parcel with the stone, and, under cover of the evening, to throw it into the canal.

When the evening came, I went forth on this errand with less courage than on the former occasion. My disappointment may have had some effect in depressing me, but the associations of secrecy and darkness likewise pressed upon my mind. I felt as if I were engaged in a criminal action; and, when threading the water streets of Rotterdam, which were now almost deserted, I started every now and then at the appearance of a watchman, as if I had seen a ghost. Nay, I fancied at last that my heels were dogged by the police, and that the watchmen I met were one and the same individual. In vain I argued with myself that the penalties of law did not attach to the making away with an obsolete garment: the hour, the darkness, the stealthiness of my step, bore witness against me; and when at length, finding what seemed a suitable opportunity, I knelt by the side of the canal near one of the bridges, it was with an unsteady hand I dropped the parcel into the water, and with a quaking heart heard the splash with which it disappeared in its depths.

Now, thought I, that pest of a parcel is fairly done for. Never more shall I be plagued with its odious presence! The idea of relief, however, had been scarcely formed, ere I was in the gripe of a watchman; in another instant I was handcuffed; and before I could rally my thoughts sufficiently to comprehend what had happened, I was in the office of police. From a few words of English spoken by some of the crowd, I learned the nature of the accusation against me; and after a brief examination, I was locked up in the prison cell of the place, on a charge—yes, gentlemen, on a charge of infanticide! It was a baby, it seems, I had made away with, and not an old garment. I had been observed prowling about with the awful burden at an early hour; I had dropped it purposely in the street, and had exhibited signs of terror and confusion when it was restored to me; and the party who picked it up, could undertake to swear that it had the feel of an infant corpse. If you add to this the fact, that when the evening closed in I was seen with it again, traversing along the most unfrequented parts of the canal, and at length dropping it secretly into the sullen waters, you have an irresistible body of circumstantial evidence against me. My brain wandered; and when sitting in that lonely cell, with no other light than that of the dull sky seen through the iron grating, I believed myself for a time the guilty wretch they so clearly made me out to be. I wished for morning, that I might be taken before the magistrate and confess the murder! The constables opened the door every now and then to see that I was not laying violent hands upon myself. Perhaps they were right; perhaps they were wrong. It was as well. It did no harm.

But even when this nervous feeling subsided, my mind was little easier, for imaginary horrors gave way to real ones. Rotterdam was a large town, and far from innocent of the crime of child-murder; and the part of the canal I had selected for my misdeed was the most eligible spot it afforded for getting rid of any evidence of guilt. The canal must be dragged in the morning; they could not condemn me to the scaffold without that preliminary; but was it impossible, was it improbable, that the corpse of an infant might be found in the same locality with my garment?

The morning at length came, and all Rotterdam rung with the crime that had been perpetrated the night before. The avenues of the place of justice were crowded from an early hour; and among the persons who obtained admission into the court, were the guests of this hotel, including one who had just arrived—the

lady I have already alluded to. This last circumstance I was not aware of till I had entered the dock, and it gave a desperate calmness to my feelings; for now, even if both bundles should be fished out of the canal, it seemed to me of very little importance which I should acknowledge, the corpse or the—garment. The evidence, however, was gone through, and my guilt became more and more manifest, till at length it was announced that the body had been found, and was now about to be produced in court.

Gentlemen, in union with keen sensibilities I possess nerves of iron, and I did not faint. Owing to the shortness of my sight, I could not discern the nature of the bundle now brought forward; but when asked, through the interpreter, whether I acknowledged it to be the one I had sunk in the canal, I replied, with frightful calmness, that I did, profoundly indifferent as to whether or not the confession would conduct me to the scaffold. The next moment the contents were held up before the court—the old, miserable, bygone, obsolete, defunct, tattered, mud-stained nether garment—and as a wild guffaw, mingled with shrill shrieks of female laughter, shook the ceiling, I lost recollection.

At this conclusion, so far from being able to keep my countenance, I could hardly keep my seat; and at the insult, the middle-aged gentleman started up, and expanding to his full height, seemed to be looking round for a victim. Fortunately his eyes rested at the moment upon my old gloves, and snatching them up, he tore them finger from finger, and flung them violently into the fire, and strode out of the room.

‘What!’ exclaimed the Hollander in his own language, as he rose to follow our friend; ‘what is the matter? What did he tear your gloves for? What has he been talking so long about?’

‘What?’ said I, staring at the new original, ‘do you not understand English?’

‘English! Certainly not—no more than he understands Dutch!’

THE MOUNTS AT DUNIPACE.

The Carron Water, in Stirlingshire, enjoys some celebrity, partly historical, partly poetical, partly on account of the great iron works established seventy years ago upon its banks. The lover of our old ballads reverts to the allusion in *Gil Morrice* (on which the tragedy of Douglas was founded) as to the

lady gay
Who dwelt on Carron side.

The student of modern poetry thinks of Langhorne's dulcet narrative of the same series of events in *Owen of Carron*.

‘On Carron's side the primrose pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
Why stream your eyes with pity's dew?
Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
That purple grows the primrose pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlivale.’

The antiquary, again, remembers the curious structure called *Arthur's Oven*, which attracted attention near the Carron, as a temple either of the Romans, or of the aborigines, until an honest gentleman—Sir Michael Bruce of Stenhouse—demolished it in order to repair a mill-dam. But chiefly he thinks of the two mounts at Dunipace, hitherto supposed by Scottish historians to be the monuments of a peace concluded by the natives with the Romans, of whose power these objects were supposed to mark the utmost boundaries to the north.

The ballad allusions may be allowed to pass. The ancient temple was a genuine curiosity, probably a specimen of Celtic architecture, and not less than fifteen hundred years old. Nor can there be any doubt that the Roman power terminated about this place, for the wall built by them to keep out the Picts ran only two or three miles to the south, near Falkirk. But as to

the Dunipace mounts being monuments of any kind, or artificial objects at all, a grave question has arisen within the last few years. The geologists are likely to tear these mounts out of the teeth of the antiquaries, if those venerable gentlemen can be supposed to retain any such organs.

I lately visited Dunipace, in order to behold these famous miniature hills. Leaving the Stirling road at Larbert, you walk about a mile up the valley of the Carron rivulet, on its north side; a beautiful specimen of the simple Scotch lowland valley, composed of—first, the sparkling stream, murmuring over its pebbly bed; then the flat margins (*haughs*), of varying width; next, steep banks rising from the haughs, glowing with the primrose and furze bloom; finally, a flat stretching away from the top of these banks, to melt in the distant hills. Rich ornamental foliage half screens the road, which winds first along the steep bank, and then through what may be called the floor of the valley. At length we pass a promontory of the steep bank, and find ourselves in a comparatively wide piece of flooring, most of which is occupied by a gentleman's park. Here the road crosses by a bridge to the other side of the water: formerly, there were only steps for this passage; and it was by the *Steps of Dunipace* that the Highland army crossed in 1746, when making its stealthy advance to fight Hawley at Falkirk. Dunipace House faces us in the park; a pretty little mansion. We involuntarily recall its proprietor of 1746—poor Sir Archibald Primrose, executed at Carlisle in that memorable year, regretting nothing but the coming orphanhood of his children, and his having so far given way to bad advice as to plead guilty of an imputed crime which his conscience told him to be a virtue.

Between the house and the bridge, about fifty yards from the river side, two wooded eminences start up from the green bosom of the park, having an old churchyard nestling almost between them: these are the Mounts of Dunipace. The eye is at first at a difficulty in making out the objects, in consequence of the wooding, which I take leave to pronounce a mistake and a grievance, as it only disfigures, and reduces to commonplace, what would otherwise tell as extraordinary and not unpleasing objects. Abstracting the wood in our mind, we find that the mounts are of different form and size—one circular and conical, with a flat top, and between fifty and sixty feet high; the other a lengthy heap, of somewhat less elevation, and covering a much larger piece of the surface. The substance is gravel and sand. The two are at unequal distances from the river: they stand in a line more nearly transverse to that of the vale than coincident with it. All around them the ground is perfectly flat, but between the two mounts there is a slight rise or swell.

Singular in form and situation, it is no wonder that these hillocks should have attracted the attention of inquiring minds, and given rise to much speculation. As far as I am aware, they were first described by George Buchanan, who, having lived many years at Stirling while conducting the education of James VI., would probably visit them frequently. He makes no doubt that they were thrown up by the hand of man. Neither did it appear doubtful to him that the etymology is *Dun pacis*—‘The hills of peace;’ though how so classic a wit as he could suppose the Celtic word *dun*, a hill, to be associated with the Latin word *pacis*, I am at a loss to comprehend. Satisfied, however, with this etymology, and advertiring to the curious temple at a lower point on the Carron, which was supposed to have been erected by the Romans to the god *Terminus*, the learned historian concocted a very plausible tale, to the effect that the Emperor Severus here ratified a peace with the Scottish king, Donald I., and that these mounts were erected in commemoration of it. This view of the matter remained unchallenged for two centuries, when at length Sir James Foulis of Colinton published a paper in the *Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society*, scouting the idea of the Romans and natives clubbing

to make up a word, and also denying that the former nation ever raised such monuments on accomplishing treaties of peace. The mounts he equally presumed to be artificial, but he believed them to be sepulchral in character. ‘I conceive,’ says he, ‘that the tumuli of Dunipace were raised over the people who had fallen in battle, each army raising one for its own men, and therefore gave them the name of *Dun-abas*; that is, *Hills of Death*.’ Such was antiquarianism amongst us sixty years since; a battle *imagined*, then these hills *presumed* to be memorials of it. No evidence looked for beyond a doubtful etymology. The only remark of any value made by Sir James is, that a similar mount at the confluence of the rivulet Ury with the Don in Aberdeenshire, is called the *Bass*, a word nearly resembling certainly one portion of the name of Dunipace. Within the last few years a Danish antiquary came to see these mounts, and, after examining them, pronounced them sepulchral tumuli. He expressed the greatest anxiety to have them penetrated through the middle, avowing his full conviction that tombs of great personages of antiquity would be found within.

It is extremely interesting to trace the progress of speculation on this subject, during the time when no one dreamt of operations of nature being concerned in bringing about any such appearances. Objects of so peculiar a form must have excited wonder in the people who first came near them. Unavoidably, thereafter, they would become the subject of mythic tales. Then comes an early historian, whose learned conjectures are only a little more rational than the rustic legends. Next we have antiquaries puzzling and dreaming over the phenomenon, but unable to make anything like common sense out of it.

Behold, at length arrives the naturalist—the man of science—who deems it necessary to inquire, in the first place, if these objects are really, as hitherto presumed, works of men. Masses covering two Scotch acres, the tallest between fifty and sixty feet high, must contain a pretty large quantity of earth. For a rude, thin-spread people to throw up such piles, would not be much less of a task than for a civilised people, like the Egyptians, to build the Pyramids. Why, moreover, does the neighbouring ground show no trace of the hollow out of which the earth must needs have been dug? Artificial, then, as the Dunipace hillocks appear, and notwithstanding that our early ancestors were in the custom of raising tumuli (though of a smaller size) over the dead, it seems but right that we should exhaust the possibilities of a natural origin before we are driven to the opposite. Now, so far from its being difficult to discover natural means for the production of these hillocks, it chances that the means are remarkably obvious; at least they are so in a modified sense. That is to say, it might be easy, when natural means were not suspected or thought of, to overlook them; but the case is different when we look for such means, and are a little instructed as to the agencies by which changes in the earth's surface are continually in the course of being effected.

The fact is simply this. The immediate valley of the Carron is a hollow cut out by the river, in a tract of ground which extends a great way at nearly one uniform level, though slightly inclined in the direction of the Firth of Forth. When we stand on the bank of the river, we see sections of this plateau on both sides, rising about sixty feet, and, as formerly mentioned, enriched with the bloom of the furze and primrose. Look below the surface of these braes, and you find that they are composed of gravel and sand; in fact an ancient alluvium—the deposit of some Carron of distant ages, when the land was at a lower level than at present, and the surface of this plateau was a beach or sea-bottom, receiving greater streams than any which now flow near it. On the rise of the land, the present Carron began to cut out its own hollow. It has done so with the irregularity usual in such cases; here carving only a narrow channel, there sweeping out an amphitheatre

of half a mile's extent. Accordingly, the braes which I have spoken of are in some places straight, in some places curving; in some instances, between two curves, there is a promontory starting forward almost to the brink of the river. One can see that a little perseverance of the stream in attacking the side of one of these curves would enable it to force its way through, and so transform the promontory, as it were, into an island; in which case the result would be a mount exactly like one of those at Dunipace, left standing in the midst of the lower floor of the valley. Such is precisely the history of these mounts. They are simply remnants of the ancient alluvium. The river, in its many floodings and shifting, has at this place broken through a narrow promontory at two places (remember their transverse direction in the valley); one has been left short and round, the other oblong and more ridge-like. In the former, the wearing of the flood around the base has taken down the original surface only a few feet below the altitude observed by the neighbouring braes (this I ascertained by the level); in the latter, the wearing has thinned the mass so much, that the upper surface has suffered more considerably. Then the slight rise in the ground between the two mounts is nothing but a further memorial of the promontory-like form which the ground at one time bore. Thus the mounts, it will be observed, are not things which nature has directly made in their present form. This it might be difficult to conceive. But considering them as remnants left by nature out of a greater mass of debris which she had previously accumulated, how easy seems the process!

It has already been remarked, that the mounts are composed of the same mixture of sand and gravel which is found in the opposite braes. They are, in short, of the same material as the ancient alluvium out of which the valley has been scooped. This, it may be said, is no decided proof; as, on the presumption of artificiality, the material would necessarily be that found at hand. But it happens that the Dunipace mounts are, after all, not solitary specimens of their class. Mr Watson, the parish schoolmaster, in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, states that 'in the immediate neighbourhood there are several similar, though less remarkable, earthen mounts. About two miles to the westward of these hills there was a very beautiful one about forty feet in height, and covering nearly three rods of ground, said also to be artificial. This hill was mutilated from time to time, for the repair of roads and other purposes [the spirit of Sir Michael Bruce not being extinct, it appears, on Carron side]. The strata of this hill were carefully observed during its removal. These were so regular, as if rising out of, and gradually returning again to, similar strata in the circumjacent level ground, as to afford conclusive evidence that the hill was not the work of man.' That this evidence is conclusive as to the particular mount in question, will be admitted by all who know aught of geological science; and undoubtedly, if the Dunipace mounts are of the same constitution, the question is equally settled regarding them. It is not unworthy of remark, that a parish farther up the vale of the Carron bears the name of Denny, apparently from the number of eminences formed there by the cutting down of the ancient alluvium, the word being but slightly changed in pronunciation from one which stands in Gaelic for *hills*; hence, likewise, the English word *dowm*, applied to sandy hillocks, the name of the county *Dowm*, which is a group of hills, and the many other names of places in which the syllable *dow* figures, either singly, or in connexion with other syllables. One might weary himself and his readers in efforts to make out the full etymology of Dunipace. I shall cut the matter short. It may be, as Sir James Foulis surmised, *hills of death*, alluding to some tragic occurrence; or it may be, as probably, *dun-na-pease*—The hill of the notch or cranny, applicable to a former state of the masses, when they had not been so much separated from one another. That they may have been more connected in times not very remote,

is far from improbable, as Buchanan speaks of a mass of the lower hill being taken away by a flood in his time.

I may perhaps be thought to have treated this subject at too great length for its importance. Let me be permitted the remark, that the interest does not lie in the mere question, whether these two trivial hills be artificial or natural, but in the view we here have of a progress of the mind of man in passing from the legendary and superstitious to the natural and rational. It is gratifying to observe such an example of the light which modern science is throwing upon matters which only excited helpless wonderment, or led to vain dreams, in our ancestors. For the rude grace of the old legend is now substituted an exact kind of knowledge, leading to equally romantic conceptions of a different kind; for who can learn, without far higher wonder, of the great physical events which once took place here? 'You take away our old tale of the peace of Donald and Severus,' say the burghers of Falkirk. 'I tell you, on the other hand, what I dare say is news to you, that many ages before the Romans dwelt at Cramond, in your neighbourhood, the line of your High Street was a sea-beach, with tides ebbing towards the Carron-works. Hawley encamped on this beach, little thinking of the physical geography of his encampment. Cargill pronounced the excommunication of Charles II. upon it, never once dreaming of alluvium, or of fluvial agency, in the agony of that terrible time. "Proud Edward's power" advanced over it to fight Bruce at Bannockburn. Wallace hid himself in a tree which had taken root in it, and whose age, though it lived to 1790, was yet at the last as only an hour in comparison with the epoch of the laying down of this ground. Even to the Romans, who looked from their lonely stations on the wall of Antonine over this great plateau, its origin was as much an affair of remote antiquity as it is to us. Grieve not, then, for the loss of an old wives' fable.' The explanation of the Dunipace hills is also an illustrative type of many similar cases. We are told of mounds of North America believed to be artificial sepulchres of the early unrecorded nations of that continent, human remains being found buried in them. It is important to inquire if these be not, like the Dunipace mounts, remnants of an ancient alluvium. Stephens tells us of artificial mounts in Yucatan, surmounted by ancient temples, and admires the perseverance of the people in laying such substructures; but is the matter not simply this, that the people have selected for the sites of their temples natural mounts, remnants of ancient alluvium? The mounds of the Euphrates and Tigris may be of the same character, although subsequently adopted for sepulture and other purposes. There is, in short, a whole class of so-considered archaeological objects which, in whole or in part, may now perhaps be relegated to the care of the geologist.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THOMAS THRUSH.

MANY men, without outliving their usefulness, or the affection of their friends, may be forgotten by the world in which they had formerly played an important part. Such was, perhaps, the case with the subject of this notice, and most of our readers may inquire, 'Who was Thomas Thrush?'—though, had he died twenty years ago, his name would have been well known as that of a captain in the navy, who had resigned his commission on the ground of the unlawfulness of war. A short memoir of him has lately been published by his intimate and respected friend, the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, of York,* from which we shall extract such facts as may seem of general interest.

Captain Thrush's father was the owner of a small

* Memoir of Thomas Thrush, Esq. formerly an Officer of rank in the Royal Navy, who resigned his Commission on the ground of the Unlawfulness of War. By the Rev. C. Wellbeloved. London: Longman and Co. Pp. 116. 8vo.

estate in Yorkshire, and Thomas was born at Stockton-upon-Tees in 1761. When he was eight years old, his mother was left a widow with seven children. The craving for a seafaring life sometimes appears hereditary: the father had been possessed by it, but resisted it: the eldest son, contrary to his parents' wishes, had entered on the merchant service, but died just as he had attained to manhood. Thomas, the surviving son, was intreated by his mother to conquer his natural inclination for the same employment, and he accordingly engaged in trade. When he was twenty-one years of age, he found that his desire for an active life, so far from abating, had increased, and he wrote an affectionate and respectful letter to his mother, urging her to accord with his wishes. He declares that, unless he had her permission to change his occupation, he must inevitably be miserable; for he could never harbour the idea of doing it without her consent, after the numberless proofs he had of her affection; whilst he was convinced that he could never succeed in a line of life which was contrary to his natural genius. He had shown his honourable and disinterested spirit by giving up, for the benefit of his sisters, the greater part of some property which he inherited; and she could not resist these appeals, which were evidently the result of strong and settled conviction.

His first long voyage was as mate on board a transport vessel bound to the West Indies. He felt it a great advantage that he had not gone to sea till his religious principles were formed, as the vices and obscenities which he saw practised without control had an obvious tendency to seduce the young who were exposed to them. He thus describes his mode of life on board the vessel:—“In regard to working the ship, &c. I take my part the same as the lowest seaman on board, and go aloft and take the helm in every respect the same; not that I am obliged to do it, but it is absolutely necessary towards attaining a knowledge of practical seamanship. Of the theoretical part I know as much, if not more, than most masters of ships in this line. When there is little to do, I am very happy in having two or three hours every day, which I can employ in studying and in reading; and am fortunate in having a tolerable supply of books. I have spent most of my vacant time in the study of astronomy and the higher parts of mathematics, and for relaxation I have Telemaque and Young's Night Thoughts. In short, my time is not the least burdensome, and would be very pleasant had I one agreeable companion; but I am sorry to say the greater part of those who follow a seafaring life are of such a turn of mind, that no person of good sense can derive either instruction or entertainment from their company.” Though his natural refinement, and the intellectual cultivation which he had received, prevented him from feeling much pleasure in intercourse with his fellow-sailors, he did not affect any invidious superiority. A young man about his own age was attacked by the fever, and he nursed him most sedulously, though the office was dangerous as well as loathsome. He caught the disease; but it passed over him lightly. He had the satisfaction of finding ‘that his willingness to share in labours which he was not bound to undergo, his readiness to perform any office of kindness, and especially his fearless and humane attention to the sick, his forbearing to swear, and his uniform Christian and virtuous conduct, obtained for him the friendship and affection of every one with whom he was connected.’

During the next four years he made only one other voyage, spending most of his time at his mother's quiet home at Kirkleatham, where ‘he was occupied partly in agricultural pursuits, but chiefly in a diligent application to the study of mathematics, navigation, and mechanics, with the view of still more perfectly qualifying himself for the naval service, to which he constantly and ardently aspired, though with faint hope of obtaining the object of his ambition, through want of patronage. It fortunately happened that at this period

he became acquainted with an estimable young man of the name of Mottley, a lieutenant of marines, who was then visiting some relations in the neighbourhood of Kirkleatham. Throughout life, Mr Thrush appears scarcely ever to have formed an acquaintance without at the same time gaining a friend. So it certainly was in this case. Lieutenant Mottley introduced him to Captain (afterwards Admiral) Brunton, who procured for him the appointment of master's mate on board a sloop of war. He was now twenty-six years of age, and ten years more elapsed before he was made a midshipman. He was shortly after promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In 1799 he served as lieutenant on board the *Sans Pariel*, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour, which was ordered to the Leeward Islands and Jamaica station. ‘While on this station, a circumstance occurred which proved the value of the knowledge he had acquired of mechanical science. A vessel of considerable size had, by some accident, been sunk in the mouth of the harbour of Port Royal, where it became so deeply imbedded in the sand, that it was thought impossible to raise it, and that the only means of removing this dangerous obstruction was to break it in pieces. This appeared to Mr Thrush not necessary; and, on condition that the work should be intrusted to his sole direction, and sufficient assistance afforded him, he undertook to raise the vessel entire. At the end of three days, with the aid of two hundred men and a proper apparatus, he had the satisfaction of seeing the work successfully accomplished. This established his reputation among his brother officers, and recommended him still more strongly to the noble admiral, who appointed him his first lieutenant.’ With him and his lady Lieutenant Thrush resided when on shore, and received from both many marks of esteem and friendship. Lady Seymour shortly after returned to England, where she died; and her noble husband did not long survive her. His body was ‘deposited in a series of coffins, most effectually secured, so as to preclude all danger of infection,’ and placed on board a small armed schooner, the *Sting*, under the command of Lieutenant Thrush, to be conveyed to England for sepulture. The service was attended with considerable danger, from the enemy's cruisers. His vessel, however, arrived safely; and through the interest of the Marquis of Hertford, Lord H. Seymour's brother, he obtained the rank of commander. In 1803 he was appointed to command the sea-fencibles, who were enrolled under the apprehension of an invasion. His district comprised the north coast of Yorkshire; and there he met with a very estimable lady, to whom he was married shortly after.

In 1809 he was promoted to the rank of post-captain. The yellow fever, however, was making dreadful havoc on board the frigate to which he was appointed. ‘In this trying scene, the kind-hearted and judicious captain, besides the ordinary and arduous duties of his station, was constantly occupied in assisting the surgeon to administer relief to the sick, and in discharging the duties of a chaplain (there being no one on board), by imparting religious consolation to the dying, for which he was well qualified by the habitual piety of his mind; and in performing the last offices of religion to the dead when their bodies were committed to the deep. In this melancholy state of the ship's company, an extension of the cruise was resorted to, but for several weeks with very little success. At length he had the satisfaction of returning to head-quarters with his crew in a convalescent state.’ His own health, however, was seriously impaired by his unceasing anxiety and unweary exertions. He was attacked by the disease, and for many days his recovery appeared hopeless. He was at length partially restored; but was recommended to invalid, which he did in 1809, and never after engaged in service. Though he had been in the navy for more than twenty years, ‘during the greater part of which the nation was in a state of war, he was never engaged in any distinguished action with the enemy, nor did he ever obtain more than a trifling share

of prize-money. This was a cause of regret to many of his friends, if not to himself; but it proved a source of consolation to him afterwards, when he calmly reviewed his life in the light of Christian truth, that he had not participated in the guilt of shedding human blood, or been enriched by the spoils of war.'

Had Captain Thrush died at this period, there would have been no occasion for our recording his life: and yet we should have admired his perseverance and zeal for self-improvement; his activity and spirit of enterprise, which, combined with valuable intellectual and moral qualities, raised him, in spite of the difficulties that beset his onset, to a high rank in his profession; and we might perhaps have been inclined to think that one who, by his judicious care, was the means of saving the lives of several British seamen, deserved as honourable a reputation as those who had caused the destruction of many foreigners. The most important event in his history was yet to come. He had for some time been dissatisfied with the theological opinions in which he had been educated; and it is characteristic of the man, that, when he entered on his sixtieth year, he applied himself to the study of the Greek language (of which he had only acquired the rudiments at school, and even these he had quite forgotten), that he might read the Testament in the original; which he afterwards made it his practice to do every morning. When searching the Scriptures for satisfaction on doctrinal matters, he was struck with the contrast between the precepts of Christ and the practice of Christians—especially as regards war. On studying the subject carefully, he came to the conclusion that war was a crime, and that he was not justified in continuing an officer. What was he to do? His half-pay formed nearly half of his limited income: his naval rank he had always highly prized, as the honourable reward of years of painful watching, labour, and exertion: it was not likely that he would be called on again to bear arms, and he was only receiving a remuneration for the services of the best part of his life—less, perhaps, than he might have acquired with the same effort in another profession: he was accustomed to hardships and privations; but he felt that he had no right to expose his wife to them without her consent. The unprecedented nature of the step he was about to take also seemed to demand deliberation; and, on his sixty-second birthday, he addressed a long and excellent letter to Mrs Thrush, stating his views, and his intention, if nothing altered them, to resign his commission at the end of three years. He declares that, if he found that a desire for fame or any other unworthy motive influenced him in his proposed step, he would retain his emoluments and honours to the last; but else, he felt it his duty to show his practical obedience to his great Master. For more than two years Mrs Thrush wrote no reply to his letter, hoping that time and silence would bury his purpose in oblivion. Finding him, however, immovable, she wept at what she regarded his unconquerable impenetrability, and then wisely resolved to hear his arguments. The result was, that she was completely convinced by them, and cordially aided him in making his great sacrifice. On his sixty-fifth birthday, 1825, he resigned his commission, and addressed "A Letter to the King," stating, in a respectful but firm manner, the ground on which he had adopted so unprecedented a measure. Sixteen years afterwards, advertizing to this letter, he thanked God "that He endowed him with courage, with the moral courage, to write it. I use the word courage," he adds, "because I believe it required more courage to write that letter than to fight a battle." He was aware that he should have many trials to undergo beside the loss of rank and income. "He incurred the estrangement of those with whom he had long held delightful intercourse. . . . Not one word of approbation or encouragement did he receive from those who had been his warmest and most zealous friends during his professional life. They all forsook him; and all, without exception, fled from him as a senseless visionary and a

dangerous schismatic." But he had an ample reward in the esteem of many whose friendship compensated him for the desertion of others, in the sympathy of a beloved wife, and in the consciousness of having done what he deemed his duty.

Mr Thrush lived eighteen years after he had resigned his commission. We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him at York, a city which he frequently visited. His body was crippled by chronic rheumatism, but his conversation showed the activity of his mind, and his manners were cheerful and amiable. He employed his old age in writing; giving to the world many productions which he thought calculated to promote the cause of truth. These he latterly printed himself, sitting in his arm-chair, with press of his own construction, characterised by its cheapness and simplicity. He had it made by a joiner and blacksmith of the little town where he resided, at a cost of less than £2. When eighty years of age, he published "Last Thoughts of a Naval Officer on the Unlawfulness of War;" and in 1843, after an illness borne in a patient and filial spirit, he died at the age of eighty-two.

We think that, whatever may be the opinion of our readers as to the lawfulness of war, they cannot but admire the heroism of one who, already in the vale of years, could renounce the sources of earthly gratification in obedience to conscience. He is surely as much to be honoured as martyrs to mere doctrinal opinions. He did not appear buoyed up by self-applause, but always wished to regard what had been done as "a simple act of duty, proceeding from a principle that ought to direct our every-day concerns." His biography displays him as a high-minded but unassuming man—energetic, persevering, and resolute of purpose, cautious in the formation of his opinions, and fearless in the avowal of them; and uniting strong affections and a most disinterested spirit with a remarkable sweetness and serenity.

The question may to some suggest itself—Whether, if an individual did right in sacrificing half his income, and what the world deemed his honour, rather than remain an officer, a nation is justified in maintaining a war establishment merely from a dread of losing possessions or reputation? To such inquirers it may be satisfactory to know that Mr Thrush to the last felt himself amply recompensed for the step he had taken, and found that "the path of duty is the best and surest to our temporal happiness."

A SHOEMAKER'S NOTIONS OF THE FEET.

In going up Regent Street one day in summer, three years ago, in quest of a shoemaker, we had the good fortune—for good fortune it is—to fall in with exactly the kind of man we wanted: this was Mr James Sparkes Hall, a person who, to much sound sense on general subjects, unites the rare skill of supplying shoes so nice, easy, and pliant, that the feet, after years of torture, are very much surprised to find themselves unexpectedly in such an earthly paradise. On conversing with this clever member of the gentle craft, we learned that he was the inventor of the *paniscorium*—a material externally resembling leather, but possessing all the softness and pliancy of cloth. Pleased with the appearance of this novel fabric, we procured some articles made from it, and having tested them by long and diligent wear, called a short time ago at Regent Street to renew the supply. On this second occasion Mr Hall mentioned that he was engaged on a work on the feet, including a history of boots and shoes, such, he thought, being very desirable in the present state of knowledge on the subject. We thought so too. Mr Hall has accordingly brought out this production, the result, he says, of long professional study.

The "Book of the Feet," as the author styles his

* The Book of the Feet: a History of Boots and Shoes, with Illustrations. By James Sparkes Hall, Patent Elastic Bootmaker to her Majesty, &c. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1846.

work, is a plainly but pleasingly written volume, and exhibits, within small compass, the various forms and phases which the coverings of the feet have assumed from the time of Egyptian sandals down to this current era of Wellingtons, Bluchers, Clares, Cambridges, and Alberts. Of course much of this matter can be rendered intelligible only by the aid of engravings; but the reader may take our word for it, that in no department of dress has fashion more indulged her whims and caprices than in boots and shoes. At one time these were made so long in our own country, that Edward IV. had to enact sumptuary laws to restrain the length of toe to a couple of inches; at another, they were fashioned so broad, that Mary had to decree a statutory breadth of six inches: in the days of Venetian glory the ladies wore heels so high, that they could not walk unless between a couple of attendants; and at present, the shoes of the Chinese belles are so Lilliputian, that it has been gravely asserted that they have no feet at all. Nor are we yet without our fashionable absurdities: high heels and narrow soles are the bane of the living generation, creating pain and expense, and converting the free, elastic, natural gait of the 'human form divine' into a stilted and unseemly wriggle. Let us hear Mr Hall—and he is a practical authority—on this really humane and important subject.

'For upwards of twenty years, as a bootmaker, I have made the feet my study, and during that period many thousand pairs of feet have received my attention. I have observed with minute care the *cast* from the antique as well as the "modern instances," and am obliged to admit that much of the pain I have witnessed, much of the distortion of the toes, the corns on the top of the feet, the bunions on the side, the callous beneath, and the growing in of the nails between, are attributable to the shoemaker. The feet, with proper treatment, might be as free from disease and pain as the hands; their structure and adaptation to the wants and comfort of man being naturally perfect. Thirty-six bones and thirty-six joints have been given by the Creator to form one of these members, and yet man cramps, cabin, and confines his beautiful arrangement of one hundred and forty-four bones and joints—together with muscles, elastic cartilage, lubricating oily fluid, veins, and arteries—into a pair of shoes or boots, which, instead of protecting from injury, produce the most painful as well as permanent results. Many volumes have been written on the cause of corns, and it has been my lot to wade through many of them without gaining much for my pains. I have therefore arrived at the conclusion, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, that *corns are in all cases the result of pressure*. I am confirmed in this opinion by one of the most respectable chiropedists of the present day—M. Durlacher, a gentleman who has had considerable experience in the treatment of corns and bunions. He says, "Pressure and friction are unquestionably the predisposing causes of corns, although, in some instances, they are erroneously supposed to be hereditary. Improperly made shoes invariably produce pressure upon the integuments of the toes and prominent parts of the feet; to which is opposed a corresponding resistance from the bone immediately beneath, in consequence of which the vessels of the dermis are compressed between them, become injured, congested, and in a short time hypertrophied."

'When corns are produced by friction and slight pressure, they are the result of the shoes being too large and the leather hard, so that, by the extension of the foot, the little toe, or any prominent part, is constantly being rubbed and compressed by its own action. This may continue on and off for months, or even years, before any inconvenience is experienced, but, progressively, the cuticle increases, and is either detached from the dermis by serum being poured out between them, similar to a common blister, and a new covering produced, or the epidermis thickens into layers adhering to each other.'

Admitting, then, that pressure and friction are the

causes of corns and other grievances of the feet, the only permanent remedy—for extraction is a mere temporary palliative—must be removal of the cause by wearing a sufficiently large and well-fitting shoe. 'Every one,' continues Mr Hall, 'who has corns, knows and feels that pressure is the cause—no one knows better where the shoe pinches than he who wears it. Yet few persons know why it hurts, or are aware how the remedy should be applied. Sometimes a shoe is too large, often too small, very often too short, but generally the wrong shape altogether. The fault lies not so much in the shoes themselves, as in the lasts from which they are made: there the cause is to be found, and there it has been my study for many years to apply the remedy. The best materials may have been used for sole and upper leather; the most exquisite closing and stabbing been put in, till the work "looked like print"; the workmanship may have been "first-rate," but deficient in the primary and most essential part—the suitable form of the last on which the article was to be moulded—the boot or shoe would not be a suitable or comfortable covering for the foot, and the unfortunate wearer finds that he has put his feet into "the shoemakers' stocks." *Every one who wishes to be comfortably fitted, should have a pair of lasts made expressly for his own use;* experience has taught me, and doubtless many other masters who have had much to do with bespoke work for tender or peculiar feet, that no plan is equal to this, to secure a good fit, and save inconvenience and disappointment for the future. The length and width are now every-day affairs, but the judgment of fitting is another thing; and here is the true skill.'

'A last fitted up to the length and width may do, or it may not. It may do by chance, or fail of necessity; but if fitting be anything, it is a skilful adaptation of the last to the true form and requirements of the foot generally. Many persons have an idea that right and left shoes are comparative modern innovations of fashion; but this is a mistake—straight lasts are a modern invention, and notwithstanding what many persons say to the contrary, are decidedly inferior to a well-formed right and left pair. The great evil has been, that all right and left lasts of late have been *crooked*. It was thought that, in abandoning the straight last with all its faults, a perfect fit could be secured in rights and lefts; and from one extreme, as is generally the case in fashion, the opposite was adopted, and a twisted right and left made the matter still worse. It was thought nothing could be right and left but that which took a decided turn; and the consequence has been, that, for years, lasts have been made with an ugly twist inward, where no wood was required; and on the outside, where the toes, with all their tenderness and liability to injury, have required thickness and breadth, nothing has been left. I have pointed out this fault to last-makers a thousand times; have stood by them at their work, and have seen the part, where I wished of all things the room to be left, cruelly sliced off, or rasped away: the consequence to the unfortunate wearer of a shoe or boot made on that last necessarily being—months of torture.'

To remedy all this, Mr Hall advises an outline of the feet to be traced on paper, the other dimensions to be properly taken, the prominent toes and other protuberances to be noted down at the time, and immediately after a pair of lasts made suitable in every way; or, what would perhaps be still better, a cast of the foot in plaster of Paris to be handed over to the last-maker. 'In this way,' he continues, 'ladies and gentlemen, and even children, should have their own lasts. It would, however, be expecting too much, that for a single pair of shoes or boots, a shoemaker or bootmaker should make for his customer a pair of lasts free of charge. As prices are now, he would be a considerable loser; the customer might never favour him with another order; he seeks a cheaper shop, goes abroad, or dies. The lasts on which a skilful workman has been employed for perhaps a whole day, and which cost at least four or five

shillings, are left on his hands perfectly useless. For my own personal comfort, I would weigh my own lasts, which have been carefully made, in a scale against their weight in silver, and consider them cheap: numbers of our nobility and gentry, in effect, do the same, and to a much greater amount, for their personal comfort in matters of the teeth, eyes, chest, hair, hands, and ears. Then why not a little sacrifice, a little more liberality, to those important members—the feet? No such renumeration, however, as I have hinted at, would be expected; five or six shillings, generally, would renumerate the maker of a pair of lasts, and these would serve a grown-up person for his lifetime.'

This is really sound and valuable advice; and no one who studies his own comfort—for there is nothing more fretting and distressful than ill-fitting shoes—will for a moment hesitate to adopt it. Let every one who can afford it have lasts made to the form and configuration of his own feet; let them be his own property; and let him carry them with him, to be used wherever he may happen to reside. Nor are 'high heels' less to be avoided than crooked lasts: they throw the weight of the body on the parts least able to sustain it—the toes; besides bending the knee, and destroying that straightness and command of limb which, in the human figure, is so indicative of strength and grace. Were these counsels followed, would the votaries of fashion but forego their absurdities, and adhere a little more closely to nature and common sense, we perfectly concur with our author that the feet might be as exempt from pain and disease as the hand, and that an article of dress now so frequently a torture, would become at once the preserver of health and minister of comfort.

ATTENTION TO LADIES IN AMERICA.

'To them the best seats, the best of everything, are always allotted. A friend of mine told me of a little affair at a New York theatre the other night, illustrative of my assertion (as to the extraordinary attention to ladies). A stiff-necked Englishman had engaged a front place, and of course the best corner; when the curtain rose he was duly seated, opera-glass in hand, to enjoy the performance. A lady and gentleman came into the box shortly afterwards; the cavalier in escort, seeing that the place where our friend sat was the best, called his attention, saying, "The lady, sir," and motioned that the corner should be vacated. The possessor, partly because he disliked the imperative mood, and partly because it bored him to be disturbed, refused. Some words ensued, which attracted the attention of the sovereign people in the pit, who magisterially inquired what was the matter. The American came to the front of the box, and said, "There is an Englishman here who will not give up his place to a lady." Immediately their maesties swarmed up by dozens over the barriers, seized the offender—very gently though—and carried him to the entrance. He kicked and fought in vain; he excited neither the pity nor the anger of his stern executors. They placed him carefully on his feet again at the steps, one man handing him his hat, another his opera-glass, and a third the price he had paid for his ticket for admission [£], then quietly shut the door upon him, and returned to their places. The shade of the departed Judge Lynch must have rejoiced at such an angelic administration of his law!—*England in the New World.*

[The foregoing paragraph has been going the round of the papers, and of its truth we know nothing. We should hope, however, for the sake of common sense and decency, that it is a fabrication. Supposing it to be founded on fact, we should be led to entertain unpleasant ideas of our own countryman's stubbornness, also of the American method of treating women, and of the understanding of the females of the United States. We say, if the story be true, all concerned are to blame. The head and front of the offending, however, lies in the absurd social usages in America respecting women.]

The highest compliment we can pay to a lady is to consider her a cultivated and rational being; shut out, by considerations of sex and expediency, from taking any active part in public affairs; and exempted also, on the same grounds, from many unpleasant duties; but entitled to participate in all social movements, and to be treated on all occasions with delicacy and respect. Such is woman in civilised communities. In the age of chivalry, as it is called, women were treated with all possible deference, even to the extent of making them a kind of mortal divinities. But never was there a more hollow farce. The men who assumed such airs of gallantry and politeness never on any occasion scrupled to sack and destroy towns, to lay whole districts of country waste, and leave thousands of women and infants to perish. Their own wives, daughters, and sisters were kept in a state of utter ignorance. Not one in ten thousand of them could read or write; their minds were not so well cultivated as those of the humblest factory girls in England now are. The courtesy of these ages, therefore, which we hear so much about, was a mere piece of outward grimace, and came to little practical good.

While in every European country—Turkey, and perhaps Italy excepted—women have attained their proper position as the friends, companions, and equals of men, it cannot but be considered a curious reaction in history that in North America they have come to be looked upon in much the same light they were in the middle ages—beings to receive an external homage which lifts them to the rank of divinities. No doubt the American women are educated, which makes no small difference in comparing them with the women of past times; yet there are great resemblances between them. Ladies in the days of chivalry consumed their time in boudoirs or drawing-rooms, dawdling over some trifling occupation; they were seldom seen out of doors, and then not with any degree of freedom. They were, in fact, dressed-up dolls, only to be shown and worshipped on great occasions. It would seem almost to have gone back to this in the United States. Native female writers mention that the American ladies spend far too large a portion of their existence lounging in rocking-chairs or in other listless indulgences within doors; that the confinement is injurious to their complexions and their health; and that they should imitate the ladies of England, in taking forenoon walks daily. Miss Sedgwick, in writing of her visit, with a lady acquaintance, to one of the theatres in London, observes of this English freedom from restraint—'We went unattended—a new experience to me. Necessity has taught women here more independence than with us; and it has its advantages in both parties: the men are saved much bother, and the women gain faculty and freedom.' There can, indeed, be neither 'faculty nor freedom' where there is little healthful intercourse with the world without, and where it is impossible to move without being made the object of fulsome attention and adulation. Were the American ladies conscious of the true character and mission of womanhood, they would despise the paltry and everlasting worship which, while pretending to exalt them above human nature, robs them of its most essential virtues and graces. That the worship, like that of the chivalric ages, is little more than an outward form, is tolerably evident. Men who sycophantically pay their homage to white-skinned women, will be seen doing all sorts of unkind things to those whose skins have the misfortune to be dark—compelling them to sit in a pew by themselves in church, preventing them from eating at the common table in steamboats, and so forth. There can be no soul of true courtesy where such detestable distinctions are so ruthlessly maintained.

In these observations we have wandered from the paragraph which called them forth, and yet we could scarcely have said less in reply to what seems to cast a stain on English politeness. We have said our countryman was not blameless: it was wrong to oppose a na-

tional custom, however absurd. If it be a social usage in America to render superhuman honours to white-skinned women, there can be no help for it but to follow the fashion. At the same time, if the Englishman was in the wrong, either wilfully or from ignorance, the American was not in the right. He spoke, it would seem, in an imperative mood, to which English gentlemen are not accustomed; and it is probable, if not certain, that a single polite word and movement would at once have had the desired effect of causing him to vacate his seat. As things happened, we must say the Englishman was not a well-used man. As for the lady, who could suffer herself to be the cause of such a miserable exhibition, we leave her to the consideration of her sex.]

WILD SPORTS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

UNLESS to the absolute devotees of the rod and gun, sporting books are, in general, very stupid affairs—presenting no attraction to the ordinary reader beyond an occasional glimpse of scenery or snatch of natural history. Let the sport be laid in the jungles of India, the prairies of America, or the Highlands of Scotland, the results are much the same—a rough, half-savage sort of life, full of toil, and not a little danger—a boisterous activity, and provoking exuberance of animal spirits—much talk of dogs and Joe Mantons—and boasts of bagging so many head of game by shots such as man never heard of before. One of the most recent books devoted to this kind of life is St John's *Wild Sports of the Highlands*,* which, with all the characteristics of its class, is yet rendered peculiarly attractive by the unaffected simplicity and honest cordiality which pervades it. There is no attempt at book-making—for the author's hand is evidently more familiar with the rod and rifle than with the pen—no swaggering record of impossible feats, but a blunt country-gentleman sort of detail of Highland sport by field and flood, an observant eye to the habits of the lower animals, and a kindly regard without to the objects of the chase, which is ever characteristic of the legitimate sportsman. Such a book cannot fail to be acceptable to a large class of the community—to those who rush in hundreds to our hills in autumn, and to the stay-at-homes who may be anxious to learn what sort of a life a sportman leads amid the moors and corries of the Scottish Highlands. Two summers ago we gave our own experience of a day amid the grouse (No. 42); we may now follow it up with a specimen of Mr St John's deer-stalking—thus embracing the two principal objects of the northern sportsman. For this purpose we extract, with slight abridgment, one of the most stirring incidents in the volume; namely, the stalking of

THE MUCKLE HART OF BENMORE.

'Malcolm, the shepherd of the shieling at the foot of Benmore, reported his having crossed in the hill a track of a hart of extraordinary size, and he guessed it must be "the muckle stag of Benmore." This was an animal seldom seen, but which had long been the talk and marvel of the shepherds for its wonderful size and cunning. They love the marvellous, and in their report "the muckle stag" bore a charmed life: he was unapproachable and invulnerable. I had heard of him too, and, having got the necessary information, resolved to try to break the charm, though it should cost me a day or two.'

Monday.—This morning, at sunrise, Mr St John with his rifle, Donald, an eccentric gillie, carrying his double-barrel, and Bran, his deer-hound, took their way up the glen to the shieling at the foot of Benmore. After a fruitless beating of the glen, 'we turned, at nightfall, to the shieling rather disheartened; but the shepherd

cheered me by assuring me the hart was still in that district, and describing his track, which he said was like that of a good-sized heifer. Our spirits were quite restored by a meal of fresh-caught trout, oat-cake, and milk, with a modicum of whisky, which certainly was of unusual flavour and potency.

'Tuesday.—We were off again by daybreak. I will pass by several minor adventures, but one cannot be omitted. Malcolm went with us to show us where he had last seen the track. As we crossed a long reach of black and broken ground, the first ascent from the valley, two golden eagles rose out of a hollow at some distance. Their flight was lazy and heavy, as if gorged with food; and on examining the place, we found the carcase of a sheep half-eaten, one of Malcolm's flock. He vowed vengeance; and merely pointing out to us our route, returned for a spade to dig a place of hiding near enough the carcase to enable him to have a shot at the eagles if they should return. We held on our way, and the greater part of the day, without any luck to cheer us, my resolution "not to be beat" being, however, a good deal strengthened by the occasional grumbling of Donald. Towards the afternoon, when we had tired ourselves with looking with our glasses at every corrie in that side of the hill, at length, in crossing a bare and boggy piece of ground, Donald suddenly stopped, with a Gaelic exclamation, and pointed—and there, to be sure, was a full fresh foot-print, the largest mark of a deer either of us had ever seen. There was no more grumbling. Both of us were instantly as much on the alert as when we started on our adventure. We traced the track as long as the ground would allow. Where we lost it, it seemed to point down the little burn, which soon lost itself to our view in a gorge of bare rocks. We proceeded now very cautiously, and taking up our station on a concealed ledge of one of the rocks, began to search the valley below with our telescopes. It was difficult ground to see a deer in, if lying; and I had almost given up seeking, when Donald's glass became motionless, and he gave a sort of grunt as he changed his posture, but without taking the glass from his eye. "Ugh! I'm thinking yon's him, sir I'm seeing his horns." I was at first incredulous; but the doubt was short. While we gazed, the stag rose and commenced feeding; and at last I saw the great hart of Benmore! He was a long way off, perhaps a mile and a half, but in excellent ground for getting at him. Our plan was soon arranged. I was to stalk him with the rifle, while Donald, with my gun and Bran, was to get round, out of sight, to the pass by which the deer was likely to leave the valley. My task was apparently very easy. After getting down behind the rock, I had scarcely to stoop my head, but to walk up within shot, so favourable was the ground and the wind. I walked cautiously, however, and slowly, to give Donald time to reach the pass. I was now within three hundred yards of him, when, as I leant against a slab of stone, all hid below my eyes, I saw him give a sudden start, stop feeding, and look round suspiciously. What a noble beast! what a stretch of antler! with a mane like a lion! He stood for a minute or two, snuffing every breath. I could not guess the cause of his alarm: it was not myself; the light wind blew fair down from him upon me; and I knew Donald would give him no inkling of his whereabouts. He presently began to move, and came at a slow trot directly towards me. My pulse beat high. Another hundred yards forward, and he is mine! But it was not so to be. He took the top of a steep bank which commanded my position, saw me in an instant, and was off, at the speed of twenty miles an hour, to a pass wide from that where Donald was hid. While clattering up the hill, scattering the loose stones behind him, two other stags joined him, which had evidently been put up by Donald, and had given the alarm to my quarry. It was then that his great size was conspicuous. I could see with my glass they were full-grown stags, and with good heads, but they looked like fallow-deer as they followed him up the

* *Short Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands*. From the Journals of Charles St John, Esq. London: Murray. 1844.

crag. I sat down, disappointed for the moment, and Donald soon joined me, much crestfallen, and cursing the stag in a curious variety of Gaelic oaths. Still it was something to have seen "the muckle stag," and *nil desperandum* was my motto. We had a long and weary walk to Malcolm's shieling; and I was glad to get to my heather bed, after arranging that I should occupy the hiding-place Malcolm had prepared near the dead sheep next morning.

Wednesday.—After despatching the plundering eagles in fine style, our hero and his redoubtable gillie again set forth in quest of "the muckle hart." Our line of march to-day was over ground so high, that we came repeatedly into the midst of ptarmigan. On the very summit, Bran had a recontre with an old mountain fox, toothless, yet very fat, which he made to bite the dust. We struck at one place the tracks of the three deer, but of the animals themselves we saw nothing. We kept exploring corrie after corrie till night fell; and as it was in vain to think of returning to the shieling, which yet was the nearest roof, we were content to find a sort of niche in the rock, tolerably screened from all winds; and having almost filled it with long heather, flower upwards, we wrapped our plaids round us, and slept pretty comfortably.

Thursday.—A dip in the burn below our bivouac renovated me. I did not observe that Donald followed my example in that; but he joined me in a hearty attack on the viands which still remained in our bag, and we started with renewed courage. About mid-day we came on a shieling beside a long narrow loch, fringed with beautiful weeping-birches, and there we found means to cook some grouse, which I had shot to supply our exhausted larder. The shepherd, who had "no Sassenach," cheered us by his report of "the deer" being lately seen, and describing his usual haunts. Donald was plainly getting disgusted and home-sick. For myself, I looked upon it as my fate that I must have that hart; so on we trudged. Repeatedly that afternoon we came on the fresh tracks of our chase, but still he remained invisible. As it got dark, the weather suddenly changed, and I was glad enough to let Donald seek for the bearings of a "whisky bothy," which he had heard of at our last stopping-place. While he was seeking for it, the rain began to fall heavily, and through the darkness we were just able to distinguish a dark object, which turned out to be a horse. "The lads with the still will be far off," said Donald. And so it turned out. But the rain had increased the darkness so much, that we should have searched in vain, if I had not distinguished at intervals, between the pelt of the rain and the heavy rushing of a black burn that ran beside us, what appeared to me to be the shrill treble of a fiddle. I could scarcely believe my ears. But when I communicated the intelligence to Donald, whose ears were less acute, he jumped with joy. "It's all right enough, sir; just follow the sound. It's that drunken deevil Sandy Ross; 'ye'll never haud a fiddle frae him, nor him frae a whisky-still." It was clear the sound came from across the black stream, and it looked formidable in the dark. However, there was no remedy. So grasping each the other's collar, and holding our guns high over-head, we dashed in, and staggered through in safety, though the water was up to my waist, running like a mill-race, and the bottom was of round slippery stones. Scrambling up the bank, and following the merry sound, we came to what seemed a mere hole in the bank, from which it proceeded. The hole was partially closed by a door woven of heather; and, looking through it, we saw a sight worthy of Teniers. On a barrel in the midst of the apartment—half hut, half cavern—stood aloft, fiddling with all his might, the identical Sandy Ross, while round him danced three unkempt savages; and another figure was stooping, employed over a fire in the corner, where the whisky-pot was in full operation. The fire, and a sliver or two of lighted bog-fir, gave light enough to see the whole, for the place was not above ten feet square. We made our approaches with becoming caution, and were, it is

needless to say, hospitably received; for who ever heard of Highland smugglers refusing a welcome to sportsmen? We got rest, food, and fire—all that we required—and something more; for long after I had disturbed visions of strange orgies in the bothy, and of my sober Donald exhibiting curious antics on the top of a tub. These might have been the productions of a disturbed brain; but there is no doubt that, when daylight awoke me, the smugglers and Donald were all quiet and asleep, far past my efforts to rouse them, with the exception of one, who was still able to tend the fire under the large black pot.

Friday.—From the state in which my trusty companion was, with his head on a heap of ashes, I saw it would serve no purpose to awake him, even if I were able to do so. It was quite clear that he could be good for nothing all day. I therefore secured some breakfast and provisions for the day (part of them oat-cake, which I baked for myself), tied up Bran to wait Donald's restoration, and departed with my rifle alone. The morning was bright and beautiful; the mountain-streams overflowing with last night's rain. I was now thrown on my own resources, and my own knowledge of the country, which, to say the truth, was far from minute or exact. "Benna-skiach" was my object to-day, and the corries which lay beyond it, where at this season the large harts were said to resort. My way at first was dreary enough, over a long slope of boggy ground, enlivened, however, by a few traces of deer having crossed, though none of my "chase." I at length passed the slope, and soon topped the ridge, and was repaid for my labour by a view of glen, and wood, and water so beautiful, that I sat down to gaze at it, though anxious to get forward.

While I lay above the lake, the day suddenly changed, and heavy wreaths of mist came down the mountain-sides in rapid succession. They reached me soon, and I was enclosed in an atmosphere through which I could not see twenty yards. It was very cold too, and I was obliged to move, though scarcely well knowing whither. I followed the course of the lake, and afterwards of the stream which flowed from it, for some time. Now and then a grouse would rise close to me, and, flying a few yards, light again on a hillock, crowing and croaking at the intruder. The heron, in the darkness, came flapping his great wings close past me; I almost fancied I could feel the movement they caused in the air. Nothing could be done in such weather, and I was not sure that I might not be going away from my object. It was getting late too, and I made up my mind that my most prudent plan was to arrange a bivouac before it became quite dark. My wallet was empty, except a few crumbs, the remains of my morning's baking. It was necessary to provide food; and just as the necessity occurred to me, I heard, through the mist, the call of a cock grouse as he lighted close to me. I contrived to get his head between me and the sky, as he was strutting and croaking on a hillock close at hand; and aiming at where his body ought to be, I fired my rifle. On going up to the place, I found I had not only killed him, but also his mate, whom I had not seen. It was a commencement of good luck. Sitting down, I speedily skinned my birds, and took them down to the burn to wash them before cooking. In crossing a sandy spot beside the burn, I came upon—could I believe my eyes?—"the track." Like Robinson Crusoe in the same circumstances, I started back, but was speedily at work taking my information. There were prints enough to show the hart had crossed at a walk leisurely. It must have been lately, for it was since the burn had returned to its natural size, after the last night's flood. But nothing could be done till morning, so I set about my cooking; and having, after some time, succeeded in lighting a fire, while my grouse were slowly broiling, I pulled a quantity of heather, which I spread in a corner a little protected by an overhanging rock; I spread my plaid upon it, and over the plaid built another layer of

heather. My supper ended, which was not epicurean, I crawled into my nest under my plaid, and, in spite of a rapid change from a dull foggy sky to a clear keen frost, was soon sound asleep.

Saturday.—Need I say my first object was to go down and examine the track anew. There was no mistake. It was impossible to doubt that "the muckle hart of Benmore" had actually walked through that burn a few hours before me, and in the same direction. I followed the track, and breasted the opposite hill. Looking round from its summit, it appeared to me a familiar scene, and, on considering a moment, I found I overlooked, from a different quarter, the very same rocky plain and the two black lochs where I had seen my chase three days before. I had not gazed many minutes, when I saw a deer lying on a black hillock which was quite open. I lay down immediately, and with my glass made out at once the object of all my wanderings. My joy was somewhat abated by his position, which was not easily approachable. My first object, however, was to withdraw myself out of his sight, which I did by crawling backwards down a little bank, till only the tips of his horns were visible, and they served to show me that he continued still. As he lay looking towards me, he commanded with his eye three-fourths of the circle; and the other quarter, where one might have got in upon him under cover of the little hillock, was unsafe from the wind blowing in that direction. A burn ran between him and me, one turn of which seemed to come within two hundred yards of him. It was my only chance; so, retreating about half a mile, I got into the burn in hidden ground, and then crept up its channel with such caution, that I never allowed myself a sight of more than the tips of his horns till I had reached the nearest bend to him. There, looking through a tuft of rushes, I had a perfect view of the noble animal, lying on the open hillock, lazily stretched out at length, and only moving now and then to scratch his flank with his horn. I watched him for fully an hour, the water up to my knees all the time. At length he stirred, gathered his legs together, and rose; and arching his back, he stretched himself just as a bullock does when rising from his night's lair. My heart throbbed, as turning all round he seemed to try the wind for his security, and then walked straight to the burn, at a point about one hundred and fifty yards from me. I was much tempted, but had resolution to reserve my fire, reflecting that I had but one barrel. He went into the burn at a deep pool, and, standing in it up to his knees, took a long drink. I stooped to put on a new copper cap and prick the nipple of my rifle; and on looking up again, he was gone! I was in despair, and was on the point of moving rashly, when I saw his horns again appear a little farther off, but not more than fifty yards from the burn. By and by they lowered, and I judged he was lying down. "You are mine at last," I said; and I crept cautiously up the bed of the burn till I was opposite where he had lain down.

I carefully, and inch by inch, placed my rifle over the bank, and then ventured to look along it. I could see only his horns, but within an easy shot. I was afraid to move higher up the bed of the burn, where I could have seen his body: the direction of the wind made that dangerous. I took breath for a moment, and screwed up my nerves; and then with my cocked rifle at my shoulder, and my finger on the trigger, I kicked a stone, which splashed into the water. He started up instantly; but exposed only his front towards me. Still he was very near, scarcely fifty yards, and I fired at his throat just where it joins the head. He dropped on his knees to my shot; but was up again in a moment, and went staggering up the hill. Oh for one hour of Bran! Although he kept on at a mad pace, I saw he was becoming too weak for the hill. He swerved, and turned back to the burn, and came headlong down within ten yards of me, tumbling into it apparently dead. Feeling confident, from the place where my ball had taken effect, that he was dead, I threw down my

rifle, and went up to him with my hunting-knife. I found him stretched out, and, as I thought, dying; and I laid hold of his horns to raise his head to bleed him. I had scarcely touched him when he sprang up, flinging me backwards on the stones. It was an awkward position. I was stunned by the violent fall; behind me was a steep bank of seven or eight feet high; before me the bleeding stag, with his horns levelled at me, and cutting me off from my rifle. In desperation I moved, when he instantly charged, but fortunately tumbled ere he quite reached me. He drew back again like a ram about to butt, and then stood still with his head lowered, and his eyes, bloody and swelled, glaring upon me. We stood mutually at bay for some time, till, recovering myself, I jumped out of the burn so suddenly, that he had not time to run at me, and from the bank above I dashed my plaid over his head and eyes, and threw myself upon him. I cannot account for my folly, and it had nearly cost me dear. The poor beast struggled desperately, and his remaining strength foiled me in every attempt to stab him in front; and he at length made off, tumbling me down, but carrying with him a stab in the leg which lamed him. I ran and picked up my rifle, and then kept him in view as he rushed down the burn on three legs towards the loch. He took the water, and stood at bay up to his chest in it.

As soon as he halted, I commenced loading my rifle, when, to my dismay, I found that all the balls I had remaining were for my double-barrel, and were a size too large for my rifle. I sat down and commenced scraping one to the right size, an operation that seemed interminable. At last I succeeded; and having loaded, the poor stag remaining perfectly still, I went up within twenty yards of him, and shot him through the head. He turned over and floated, perfectly dead. I waded in and towed him ashore, and then had leisure to look at my wounds and bruises, which were not serious, except my shin-bone, which was scraped from ankle to knee by his horn. I soon had cleaned my quarry, and stowed him away as safely as I could, and then turned down the glen at a gay pace. I found Donald, with Bran, reposing at Malcolm's shelting; and for all reproaches on his misconduct, I was satisfied with sending him to bring home the "muckle hart of Benmore," a duty which he performed before nightfall.

Column for Little Boys.

WILLY.

LITTLE William was standing in the window of his mamma's dressing-room one cold winter day; she was busy writing a letter beside the fire, and as he did not wish to interrupt her by chattering, or playing about the room, he tried to amuse himself quietly with looking down on the garden, and watching the robins as they hopped to and fro, and picked up the crumbs he had scattered on the gravel-walk in the morning.

Willy was a very young child, not much more than four years old, and as yet had learned nothing from books; but many friends loved him very dearly, and delighted in talking to him, and answering his questions; so in this way he had gathered as much knowledge of the things about him as his little head could safely carry; and yet, because he was so very young, he sometimes put those scattered gleanings oddly together, and formed them into notions that were often as puzzling to others as to himself. He had been standing a long time at the window very quiet, and his mamma had once or twice looked up to see what he was doing, and to ask her little boy if he was cold. But his thoughts seemed very busy, for he never heard or answered her question, though he seldom was inattentive when his mamma spoke. Just then the wind, which had been fighting with the clouds all the morning, and chasing them in confusion across the sky, seemed inclined to stoop to lower game; and stopping short and still for a moment, as if to collect its strength, gave a sudden howl through the trees and shrubs that encircled the garden, and sweeping onwards to the window where little William was meditating, it came full against the frame, and rattled every pane in it. The little boy sprang back affrighted, thinking

he was really going to be taken by storm, and, without looking to the right or left, ran to his mamma, and buried his face in her lap. In a moment, however, he took courage again, and looking up, first cautiously, then boldly, as he saw that he was safe, that the room was quiet, and that the blast had passed away, he climbed up on his mamma's knee, and whispered, in a subdued and very earnest tone, 'Mamma, what did the wind say?' His mamma laughed as she asked whether it frightened Willy; but he was quite brave by this time, and the bright colour mounted to his brow as he answered, 'Yes, mamma, because I thought it had a voice'; and as he said these words, he looked gravely and searchingly into his mother's eyes. She was silent for a minute; then wishing to learn what was in her little son's heart, she asked him 'why he thought the wind had a voice?' And though little William coloured again very much, and hesitated, as he thought he never could find words to explain his meaning, yet soon his deep blue eyes grew more intense, a shade of thought passed over his fair young forehead, and intellect and imagination waking up, he answered, 'Because I was listening a long, long time to the wind, and if mamma comes with me to the window, I will show her what it did.'

His mamma laid down her pen, as her little boy, placing his hand in hers, drew her to the window; and then, delighted at her compliance, began to make amends for his long silence and late terror by relating, with great animation, how at first the wind came blustering to the holly-bush, and how it seemed to say, "Let me in, let me in, to shelter under your branches, and play with your green leaves;" but the stiff holly shook its head, and answered, "No, no—you are rude, Mr Wind. If I let you in, you would soon tear away my shining leaves, and scatter my scarlet berries to the ground. Go away, go away; I will have nothing to say to you." So the wind was angry, mamma. 'I on see where it caught the outside branch I was watching, and it gave it a swing as it turned away, and carried off that nice green sprig and tuft of red berries there to the other end of the walk; and then, mamma, Willy saw it go to the big elm-tree, and shake one of its old mossy boughs, and he thought it said, "Let me lie on this branch and rest, for I am tired and out of breath from arguing with that obstinate holly, and I would like to stay with you till I am strong again." But the elm-tree said, "No, no; I watched you all the time, and I saw how bold you were; you shall not stop with me." And the wind asked it, "Why so, you have neither leaves nor berries, what harm could I do to you? Do let me rest, I am very tired." But the elm pushed him away with his stout old arms, and said again, "No, no; you would split my branches, and tear off my tender buds; and then, in the summer days, when the wood-pigeon would come again with her gentle cooing, and ask me to give her shelter once more, and a place for her nest, I should send her away so sorry, for my boughs and my leaves would be dead, and you flown off, not caring for the mischief you had done." Little William stopped short, quite tired and breathless; but as his mamma saw he had some more to tell, she seated herself on his own low stool, and taking him in her lap, said, 'Those were funny thoughts of yours, my little son; but I suppose Mr Wind, as you call him, was not satisfied with those fruitless efforts: did he get a lodgings at last?'

Willy's face brightened as he saw his mamma enter into the spirit of his story, and, with sparkling eyes, he continued, 'Oh no; the bold fellow! What did he do then, but rush down to the garden door; the inner garden, mamma, where the greenhouse and all the fruit-trees are. I saw him shaking the door with a great noise, and I thought, Aha! you are really angry now! But the door kept watch, and never opened, though the wind screamed in through the key-hole with a passionate cry that made the poor plants inside shake and shiver. He rattled and thumped at the door for a long time, but it was all to no use; and then, mamma, he spied my ownself in the window, and before I had one minute to think, up he flew, ten times as angry as ever, and, roaring and howling, gave a bang at the window, and I was sure he was going to carry me off like the poor holly sprig. So, mamma, your little boy was not a *great* coward to run away.'

Little William looked up anxiously to see whether his mamma assented to this opinion, but she still only smiled, and remarked, 'After all, were not they hard on the wandering wind, to refuse it shelter everywhere? Was it kind in the holly-bush, and the elm-tree, and the garden

door, and my little son?' A thoughtful look shadowed the child's sweet eyes, and for a moment there was a silent struggle between his good-nature and his sense of justice; but, young as he was, he was true of heart, and though he sighed at the inevitable decision, still he stoutly answered, 'Mamma, we could not be kind to that bold, impatient, angry wind: we could not be kind to it then; it was so rough and so rude that no one could bear it. The holly—ah! the holly cared only for itself, so I suppose that was the reason it was the one that suffered; but then the elm, it loved its own sweet friend the wood-pigeon, and though it had flown for a while away, still it was not forgotten, nor its place given to another before it came again; and the garden door, the trusty old door, kept its charge in safety—'

'Yes,' said his mamma, interrupting him with a smile, 'it would not desert its post.' But little William had no understanding for puns; and as the argument was now coming home to himself, he felt no readiness even to answer her smile, but, with perplexed and anxious countenance, deliberated whether he could himself give as good a reason for his inhospitality as the inanimate objects he had just been endowing with thoughts and language. Turning in this difficulty to his mother, he hesitatingly asked, 'Mamma, should Willy have let him in?' His mamma, with a kiss of encouragement, replied, 'Answer the question yourself, my little son; but first let us remember all you said—"Bold, impatient, angry—rough and rude?" could anything deserving those hard words deserve indulgence too?"

'Oh no, no,' answered little William hastily, with a merry laugh, as if quite relieved from his dilemma; but in the next moment the compassionate expression returned, and he added, 'It was bold *then*; but maybe, mamma, the wind is sorry now. Listen; it is quite quiet except for a sad sighing now and then; and look, mamma, there are some heavy drops. Perhaps it is crying for all its boldness. Shall we let the poor fellow in?'

'Does Willy think sobbing and crying is a proof of goodness?' said his mamma. 'If my own boy had been naughty, would I forgive him the sooner for them, or for his own sweet smiling face, and his little efforts to please and do me good?'

Little William sighed again, but made no answer. This time his judgment saw clearly too, but his inclination rebelled more strongly, and, like many older casuists, who 'know the good, and yet the ill pursue,' he required to have his theory enforced by experience. When his mamma returned to her letter, he remained at the window with pained and sorrowful looks, listening to the fitful moaning of the wind. Many minutes passed by, and his mother became so deeply engrossed with her occupation, that at last she forgot her quiet, silent, little boy, and was writing and reading, and writing again, when she was suddenly roused to recollection by hearing first a loud crash, then the shattering of several doors with a violence that shook the house, and then a quickly-smothered cry. She started from her chair, and looked round for little William; but he was nowhere to be seen; and, pale with terror, she rushed to the door, and immediately, on opening it, found that the low and frightened cries were proceeding from the nursery, and were indeed in Willy's voice.

In a moment she was at the end of the passage, and attempting to open the door. But this was no easy matter. It slapped twice in her face; and it was only by an effort that took away her breath, that she was able to overcome the resistance, and make her entrance good. And then what a scene! At a glance she perceived the sash out of the window, the floor covered with fragments of glass, the furniture upset, the little beds stripped of their covering, the pictures flapping against the walls, playthings, papers, garments, all flying in giddy whirls round the room, while the wind, having somehow obtained complete possession, seemed determined to act the tyrant, and wreak his fury on every object within his reach.

But saddest of all was poor little William, cowering down in the far-off corner, pale, frightened, and weeping over the mischief of which he was evidently the author; while a drop of blood, slowly trickling down his forehead, revealed him as a sufferer also, and added to the consternation of his mamma. The first moment of her entrance he had started up, and no longer pale, but with shame and contrition colouring his face, he had turned it to the wall; but the next minute, bounding to his mother's open arms, he cried, in tones of wild distress, 'Take Willy

away! Oh take me away from this wicked wind before it kills me, and I never, never will have anything to say to it again!

His mamma saw that was no place or time for questions; so, hastening with him from the room, she sought some more sheltered spot to calm his terror, and examine his wound. The latter turned out a mere trifle, a slight scratch on the temple, though little William seemed to consider his own blood a very dreadful sight indeed; but after some bathing and words of encouragement, his anxiety diminished, and he was able to relate how it all had occurred.

He told, in his own childish language, how he had stayed in his mamma's room, listening to the sorrowful moaning of the wind, until at last he grew so sorry, that he began to think it would not be so foolish as mamma had said, if he did let it in; and that, even if she did not like such company, he might have it in his own nursery, and so he slipped away to accomplish his plan while she was busy; but when he reached his own quarters, he found the offender already in possession. That side of the house had been calm in the morning, and the servant, not calculating on intrusion, had left the window partly open to air the room. But amidst the vagaries little William had been so long observing, the treacherous wind had shifted its direction, veered round to the back of the house, and met him face to face in a sudden draught as he opened the door, tearing it violently out of his tiny hand, slapping it with a furious concussion, that shook the window-frame, and precipitated the glass upon the floor, striking him in the forehead with one of its fragments, and, as it rushed along the passage, bearing on its wings the tidings of his foolishness to the remotest corners of the house.

Was there ever known such a treacherous and ungrateful wind? Little William could not have believed it, and promised over and over again to attend for the future to his mamma's advice, and, above all, never to have anything to do with the rude, uncivil wind again. But his mamma reminded him that the wind may change and soften as well as many a wayward little boy, and that the mischief all arose from indringing it at the wrong time, and admitting it to an unsuitable place.

And long afterwards, little William remembered his mamma's true words: when the winter had passed away, and the summer sun was shining, and when, after a scamper through the meadow, he seated himself beneath his old friend the elm-tree, and flinging his straw-hat beside him on the grass, rejoiced in the gentle breeze that played amongst his curls and fanned his glowing cheek, 'Sweet wind,' he thought, 'did I ever call you an enemy? But ah, you are no longer the same; you are good, and gentle, and useful now, and every creature that I look at welcomes and loves you: the sailor, as you fill his sails on those far-off waters; the haymaker, as you shorten his task and refresh his weary frame; and you, gentle wood-guest, softly cooing above my head, yes, right glad you are now to listen to the summer breeze rustling in those leaves, whose tender buds were in such danger from the stormy blast.' He looked towards the garden; the door stood wide open, or lazily swung to and fro with the breeze. He turned to the holly, and, though still stiff and unbending, there was life and music in the whisperings of those crisp old leaves. He raised his eyes to the dressing-room window; the casement was unfastened, and leaning from it was his own smiling mother, her white dress fluttering in the breeze as it stole by, and carried the rose-leaves from her hand in fragrant circles to his feet. Free to come, and free to go, gladdening and beautifying, welcome and beloved was that sweet summer wind—each created thing the better, the happier, the fresher, wherever it rested: and little William, as he pondered on the contrast, resolved that this memory should never be forgotten—that it should influence his own manners and his choice of companions; and that, while he ever loved and tried to resemble the gentle, the good, and the useful, he should be equally careful to avoid the rude and the boisterous, though never despairing of their reformation.

INDECISION.

How many occasions of doing good, in greater or less measure, are passed by from irresolution! While we are saying to ourselves, 'Shall I, or shall I not?' the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered, and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance.—*Frederick Bremer.*

SONG OF THE BEES.

We watch for the light of the morning to break,
And colour the gray eastern sky,
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, 'Awake, awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply.'

Then off we hie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the wild wood, and bower;
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,
To dip in the illy with snow-white bell,
To search the balm its odorous cell,
The thyme and the rosemary flower.

We seek for the bloom of the eggplant,
The lime, painted thistle, and brier;
And follow the course of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a stage still higher.

As each for the good of the whole is bent,
And stores up his treasure for all;
We hope for an evening with heart's content,
For the winter of life, without lament
That summer is gone, with its hours mispent,
And the harvest is past recall!

—DR AIKIN.

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.

While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity—the other, that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit—the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us that above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point, so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of his glory.—*Dr Chalmers.*

SYSTEM IN NATURE.

Some writers contend that no fixed system or plan prevails in Nature, but that the similarity of one object to another is merely fortuitous, and forms no portion of a uniform design. To convince such as these I consider such impossible; I would only suggest to them the great improbability that a Creator, who has with such unerring wisdom adapted means to destined ends, should have performed any part of the mighty work of creation without a fixed and perfect design. When we consider that each muscle, tendon, and vein in the animal frame occupies its appointed place, and has appointed functions, on the regular performance of which health, and often life depend, it seems fair to infer that no created being exists without appointed functions in some perfectly-organised system, however far such system may be above our finite and feeble understanding. To doubt the existence of such a system, appears to me tantamount to doubting a creation; for one cannot suppose the various tribes of animals to have received their existence at the hands of an omnipotent Creator, and at the same time to be indebted to chance for those infinitely but harmoniously varied characters whereby we distinguish them.—*Edward Newman.*